

The Critic

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Little Spoons vs. Big Spoons.

WHEN I was in England, whether in lodgings or in a hotel, one of the hardest things to get at table was a teaspoon to eat my dessert or sweetmeats with. They always brought a dessert spoon, which usually seems large and awkward to the American mouth. Neither were there any small dishes, such as we have at home. They brought you jam, or preserves, or strawberries, on a plate as large as a dinner plate. This fact would not be worth mentioning, were it not characteristic of much one sees there. In England, nearly all the arts and appliances of life show, to American eyes, a superabundance of material. There is more timber and iron in the wagon, more bulk in the horse that draws the wagon, and more leather in the harness the horse wears. Yes, and more hair in the horse's coat. Our domestic animals, our tools, our vehicles, our architecture, and our women, look trim and slim compared with the English. There is probably material enough in an English van to make two of our farm wagons. It is a sight to behold. It looks like a pontoon boat mounted upon huge artillery wheels. It is usually drawn by three horses, tandem, with a boy walking by their side or riding the foremost. It would be quite useless in this country, as on our poorly made dirt roads it would be a load in itself. The running works of the English dog-cart, a pleasure vehicle, would be considered nearly heavy enough for a light farm cart in this country. Easy roads and heavy vehicles are the rule in England, and poor roads and light vehicles with us. John Bull would hardly trust himself in our cobweb 'buggies'; certainly not upon our outlandish roads. He does not know the virtues of hickory, a tree native to this country. Hickory gives us the most strength with the least bulk, and this is no doubt one reason of the lightness and slenderness of our tools and vehicles. Compare an English ax with an American ax; how crude and awkward the former looks beside the latter; how shapely our tool is! Our tools suggest a more deft and supple and a lighter race. The tendency in us to pare down and cut away every superfluous ounce, is very marked. We are great whittlers. Did we not whittle away at the hulls of our ships until we made the swiftest sailing vessels in the world?

The English, in most things, seem to like the look of mass and strength; we like best the look of lightness and speed. Even the type in which their books, newspapers and magazines are printed, is larger than the type in which ours are printed. Indeed, it would seem as if there was not room enough in our great country for generous sized type. English houses and buildings all have a look of greater solidity than ours; their walls are thicker, their tiles heavier. What would they think of our balloon frames over there? What would our grandfathers think of them? Dickens said the houses in this country looked as if made of paste-board.

This lightness and airiness is becoming a fixed national

trait, and is in keeping with the general tendency of all natural forms in this country. Nearly all organic growths here show greater refinement of form than in the British Isles. Our wild flowers are more graceful and delicate. Our climbing plants, the foliage of our trees, the trees themselves, our grasses and wild weedy growths, are all more slender and fluent in form than the corresponding English species. English trees, English groves, have a wonderful expression of solidity and repose. The leaves are larger and stiffer, and adjust themselves with more ease to the fainter light. Even the British bumble-bee is a coarser and more hairy creature than ours, and the fox and the squirrel, as well as the domestic animals, are less sleek and trim than with us. Our bright, sharp climate has its effect upon all things, but it is only up to a certain point that this effect is matter for congratulation. All European forms are refined here, but presently there is danger that they may become attenuated and weakened. The children of European parents born here—Irish, English, German—are, as a rule, much more shapely and clear cut in feature, than when born in the same rank of life in Europe. But they are less robust, especially the women, and less productive; while, probably, the next generation will be still less so. Here comes in the set-back. What appears to be the most serious danger now threatening the American race is just this tendency to over-refinement, and the consequent failure in reproduction.

This tendency has set its stamp upon our mentality, so that our literary and scientific works, and all the varied outcomes of our mental life, are characterized by clearness, quickness, aptness, rather than by force, or depth, or real mastery. Our literature, as such, has less bulk than the English or German, less body, and more grace and refinement. Compare Emerson with Carlyle, or Fiske with Spencer, or Hawthorne with Scott, or Prescott with Macaulay, or James with George Eliot. Up to a certain point this deftness and clearness of our authors gives them the advantage; but when great tasks are to be undertaken, our lightness and brightness are less telling. Our second considerable crop of authors, born (say) since 1825, has less force, less body, less breadth, than our first great crop, which included Cooper, Bryant, Irving, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, etc. There are things in Stedman that have the old breadth and generosity, but there are not enough of them. It seems to me that we are refining now at the expense of strength. Our poets and critics, like our 'buggies' and pleasure vehicles, lack timber, lack mass. Our popular novelists are all point and no body. The workmanship is admirable, but the material upon which it is expended is abominable. What a boon to them would be a little of Scott's, or Dickens's, power and heartiness, or of Tourguéneff's grasp of the fundamental human qualities! The men and women turned out are by no means the equal of those one meets daily among all ranks of the people, except perhaps in the single qualities of wit and 'smartness.' The rank, primary, inarticulate human qualities, are suffering decay among us; there can be little doubt of that. Probably they are suffering—or are threatened with—the same decay in Europe. A cheap press, much and hasty reading, rapid communication, tend to give us surface dominion, without corresponding depth.

Yet, as contrasted with the American, the Englishman reaps great advantage in his greater stolidity, inertia, mass, depth of character, because these things make a solid ground to build upon, and when faculty and insight are added, they give that weight and force which have made the English race what it is. There is one notable exception in our later literature to this American tendency to over-refinement of form, which I am not likely to forget; and that is furnished by Walt Whitman. Mass and strength, and all the primary qualities of both body and mind, are fully attended to by him. Probably this, more than anything else, is the reason why his poems are so distasteful to the majority of his countrymen, and why his reception abroad has been more cordial than at home. It is, at any rate, the ground

upon which his appearance in our literature has always been regarded by myself as so suggestive and so welcome.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Reviews

Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

PROFESSOR BEERS's biography of N. P. Willis is after the fashion of a resurrection-flower. Dry, crumpled, whipped hither and thither by the blasts of popularity, an autumn leaf yellow and apparently hopeless as any that dangles on a frosted maple, Willis's reputation, thrown into a delightful literary form, coddled, cherished, nursed into existence again, suddenly revives and swims like a living thing on the breath of the moment, expands in liliaceous form, throws out rootlets and tentacles, and actually threatens to germinate again in the rarefied atmosphere of 1885! Such is the imperishability of light things. That Willis was light, even his best friends cannot deny. His abounding talent was a heap of thistle-down, and swept up and down the universe as restlessly as a cloud, taking root nowhere. When we look into the cause of his *antebellum*—we had almost said, so far away is he, antediluvian—popularity, we see that it is his lightness, transparency, cleverness. He fell on an age ponderous and Johnsonian to an extreme—an age without lightness or sweetness, transparency or cleverness; and he thus became the apostle of a new evangel to his contemporaries. His airy pen played with and prattled over everything; its sting was as delicate and evanescent as a sea-nettle's—a graze, a flash, a phosphorescence, and it was gone. But so new was this quality—airiness—in American literature then, so delightful in its omnipresent flutter—for Willis 'dashed' at everything,—that it soon made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and more especially as a correspondent. Undoubtedly Willis was the father of the 'special correspondent,' for he anticipated Bayard Taylor and set a fashion which has become one of the most impressive literary phenomena of our time. Hardly could he have conceived that those light spawnings of a moment—'Pencilings by the Way'—would act as ancestor to the superb letter-writing of our day, the telegrams conceived and flashed in fire from the red battle-fields of the East and South to the leading dailies. His pen, like Aphrodite, was born of foam, to be sure, yet its graphic handling marked out a new departure in modern journalism. The followers of Willis as 'Our Own Correspondent' have been innumerable, but none have excelled him in sparkle, fancy, ingenuity, and power of rapid comprehension. That he was licentious to the last degree in his language, that he indulged in a Lucianic extravagance of phrase, that his compounds and manufactures and 'murders' in the realm of the Queen's English are without name or number, no reader of his works will deny. He was perpetually coining new words, stringing together long agglutinations of phrases, inventing Willisisms for the corners of his newspapers, twisting and turning his tongue as if it lay on a hot iron. But though all this is the case, and his sins as an English scholar are many, his prose has a crispness and buoyancy which were a revelation in that 'gemmiferous and albuminous' age—the age of 'Gems,' 'Albums,' annuals of all sorts. Its lightness, as we said, whisked it across the seas and made its author a lion in London.

Willis sang from the start. He was an 'infant phenomenon' that really reached fifty and came to something. There smoldered in him the flame rather than the sunshine of ancient Puritanism, and this came out in intermittent spurts throughout his long career as a Biblical poet and paraphraser. At Yale his early precocity, like an over-blown peach, threatened to get winter-killed. Natty, nobby, finical 'Slingsby' was in danger of an effective chill from the freezing temperature of the Yale of that day—an

Arctic region wherein icicles bristled on the brow of the muses and featherless poetasters ran a risk of piping through husky bronchial tubes. Yale vanquished, however; and—his young brain half tipsy with the hyperborean laurels there won—Willis after his graduation turned definitively to literature, and established *The American Monthly* in Boston. This, like many other of his literary ventures, became 'a stepping-stone of his dead self'—failed, in plain English—and left him disconsolate and in debt, with nothing to do but to 'skip' to France. There he led a most extraordinary existence as fancy *attaché* to the American embassy and real *attaché* to all the fashionable women, men, and notabilities of the day. A handsome person, fine manners and audacious talents enabled him to make useful and valuable acquaintance all over Italy, France and the Mediterranean, while the ribbon of the *attaché* acted magically in gaining him an entrance to the courtly circles of the Continent. In this way he bohemianized up and down Europe for four or five years—'sauntered,' 'loitered,' 'pencilled' to his heart's content, and threw the results of his prattling dilettanteism, his conversations with great folk, and his observations by the way, into the form of a correspondence for General Morris's New York *Mirror* unrivalled for its interest, its crisp characterization, its jaunty prose, and—its indiscretions. Narcissus and Hyacinth writing to their beloved Chloes and Clytemnestras at home could not have given in choicer phrase the savor and flavor of Lady Blessington's circle, the perfection of dukes and duchesses, the Aladdin-like character of aristocratic interiors, or the Jack-o-lantern 'jawing' and pawing of John Bull. Mayfair in all its glory found itself reflected for once properly and perfectly in ecstatic vowels and consonants, discreet polysyllables, happy adjectives. And so his 'jottings' and 'inklings' and 'hurrygraphs' went on till his marriage to a lovely English girl, his entanglement in several affairs of honor with infuriate contemporaries who had been 'jotted' down in rather too lively fashion by our mercurial correspondent, and his return to America, saturated but not satiated with European life. To run through the long *queue* of his compositions—his editions of books of scenery, plays, travels, stories, poems—would be to write the history of American literature (euphemistically so called) up to the edge of that gory chasm, the Civil War. From the flame and tears and terror of that background poor Willis shrank and shrivelled away, and his voice sounds over to us from 'before the War' like a faraway silvery cry coming across an impassable gulf. He went to Washington as spectator and war correspondent, indeed; but what could he, poor butterfly, do in that ensanguined war-camp, with the thunder of armies in his ears, the crash of proclamations in the air, the crowds of serious and tragical people about him who had never heard of 'pencilings' or 'loiterings,' and had no time for them in these sombre years? An *arbitrator elegantiarum* where all the world was in rags or in uniform, in tents or in hospitals? Pitiful and impotent seemed the intrusion of 'elegance' in these regions!

Willis, together with General Morris established *The New York Home Journal*, which had been born of certain antecedent ventures in which both were interested. It was a successful venture, and still remains to a certain extent the exponent of fashionable life which they endeavored to make it. In reviewing Professor Beers's part of this book we have only unstinted praise to give. It is one of the best pieces of biography which has yet appeared in this country—cautious, full, judicious in its selection of salient details, and thirty degrees above hero-worshipping. He has had access to much manuscript material, and has used it with tact. We had no idea that this oft gleaned, swept and garnished corner of American literature could be made so alive or so interesting, full as it is of lay-figures, straw-stuffed puppets, and wax-works. That it presents Willis's private character in a sympathetic light was natural. We are only too glad to believe that the man's verbal affectations, his *hauteur*, his autocratic tone now and then, and his magisterial ways,

* 1. Nathaniel Parker Willis. By Prof. Henry A. Beers. \$1.25. (American Men-of-Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. Prose-Writings of N. P. Willis. Selected by H. A. Beers. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

were only skin-deep and did not hurt an essentially fine and strong character. He did himself far more harm than anybody else could do him. He was really helpful to struggling authorship, his domestic virtues were of the highest order, and he was, on the whole, an amiable despot. Two or three of his poems will live into a second or third generation; one or two of his books of letters may last as long as the musk at Malmaison; but his true fame rests, we think, in his influence on his age as a prose-writer in general, his showing the way to a light and skilful manipulation of everyday topics, his example of delightful ease and finish in the everyday work of literary journalism. Large constructiveness he lacked; he had no power of writing at length, of developing a plot; his literary spell, like a tertian fever, took him only every other day; he went in spurts and dashes; there were gaps in his continuity. In the style of his romances he is a pseudo-Bulwer, pink with the sentimentalism of the Harolds and the Glaucuses of fifty years ago. The age has already, tiger-moth like, gone through its ten pupal or larval stages of Bulwerism, and never again can it enter into it. When we pull out our Willises we are haunted by a scent of lavender—waning, delicate—such as haunted the linen-presses of our grandmothers. Here is a pot of rouge, yonder a ringlet, and there a beauty-spot; but gone—gone! as the good story-teller cries at the end of the story.

Professor Beers has supplemented his biography by a capital selection, in one volume (2), from the prose-writings of Willis. We have his best tales ('F. Smith,' 'Pasquali,' 'The Gypsy of Sardinia,' 'Lady Ravelgold'), his 'Letters from under a Bridge,' 'A Log in the Archipelago,' and several charming chapters from the 'Pencilings'—enough to snatch him alive from that 'dark backward and abysm of time' in which he threatened to sink forever.

"Origin of Cultivated Plants." *

WHETHER he who brought letters into Greece or he who scattered broadcast the gift of Ceres should be accounted the greater benefactor of mankind, remains a matter of opinion; but after reading the initial chapters of the 'Origin of Cultivated Plants,' we are freshly reminded that the history of a people is intimately connected with the record of its agriculture. The distinguished author of this richly suggestive and proof-laden volume calls attention to the fact that until the middle of the present century, geographical botany received singularly little attention. So much was this the case that so eminent an authority as Linnaeus, in his indications of the original homes of plants long in familiar cultivation, was oftener misleading than otherwise, subsequent writers only repeating received errors. The volume under review may well be esteemed the latest, most condensed and authoritative work on the subject of which it treats, containing as it does the combined and sifted testimony of botany, philology, history and paleontology. What the author has to say regarding the advantage obtained by laying these several departments of knowledge under contribution to the research in hand, is full of instruction and suggestion. He recognizes three great centres of ancient agriculture—'China, the south-west of Asia (with Egypt), and intertropical America,'—and deems it significant that in the Old World agricultural civilization developed along the banks of rivers, while in the New it established itself upon elevated grounds—the 'high lands of Mexico and Peru.' He regards as valuable evidence that which is afforded in the remains of plants found in ancient tombs, at the same time noting the liability of error entering in this way, as in the case of the so-called mummy-wheat and the grains of maize fraudulently introduced into an Egyptian sarcophagus. The lake-dwellings of Switzerland and Italy are frequently cited for the traces of fruit-culture which they have retained. Our sense for novelty is regaled when we

read that a brother savant sent the author 'two apples from the more recent palafittes of Lake Neuchâtel.' There is, moreover, something gratifying in the homely knowledge that the mysterious people who inhabited these regions loved the apple and even did not object to it in its dried condition. Another method employed by the author to determine the earliest habitat of a species is by comparison of the various names under which it is known in different parts of the world. A multiplicity of names he holds to be indicative, as a rule, of the wide dissemination of a species in remote time, or that a confluence of several races using dissimilar languages has taken place. As illustrative of the latter condition he mentions the flax, which bears in England, 'according to the county, a Keltic, Saxon, Danish, or Latin name.'

Were space given, we should like to speak of much that is fresh and striking in Professor de Candolle's account of the roving fortunes of the 247 species distinguished as cultivated plants—a number which he thinks it is possible may be increased to 300 species by the close of the present century. In taking leave of this excellent work we prophesy the reader's satisfaction at the admirable manner in which the author has summed up his facts in a table showing the origin of each species as well as the date of its earliest cultivation.

Two Books on Musical Subjects.*

MR. MAITLAND's short biography of Schumann (1) belongs to the Great Musicians Series edited by Dr. Hueffer—and this is its title to existence. Mr. Maitland, indeed, does his best to make us believe that this is its only title, for he modestly but courageously enforces upon us that his book is not a complete Life of Schumann, and that it can not lay claim to any important accession of new material to that which has been already published in the German lives of the master. This being true, and the German lives having been for the greater part turned into English, one might fairly ask: 'Why, then, this book? *Cui bono?*' We shall not be so ungracious as to accept the author's view of the matter. English-speaking people need sound and readable books on music. It is the art of which they talk the most and know the least, and every book which tends to equalize the sums of popular utterance and popular knowledge is a welcome addition to contemporary literature. The book is reasonably sound and fairly readable, though we can not withhold the criticism that it fails to present its subject with sufficient vividness in the character in which he holds the attention of the world as no musician of the last half-century except Wagner.

Any two pages of Herr Ehler's essay on Schumann in the book translated by Mrs. Tretbar (2) furnish a clearer conception of the essence of Schumann's artistic nature than all of Mr. Maitland's eight chapters. Yet Herr Ehler gives us little or no narrative. His potency lies in his subtle analysis of the spiritual side of the man as published in some of the apparently most inconsequential of his compositions for piano-forte—the *Kinderscenen*, for instance. Mr. Maitland, discourses interestingly about Schumann as a critic, and the slow but steady progress which his music has made in England (where the extravagant adoration of Mendelssohn was long a stumbling-block); but he does not, even for an instant, pull aside the golden curtains which hide from the common gaze that moonlit world of romanticism whose odoriferous dews lie freshly glistening on every page of Schumann's writings—the tinkling of whose May-bells may be heard whenever one of his scores is opened. That is the achievement of the German critic who was half poet, half musician; who had felt with Schumann some of the early galvanic shocks that went out from the writings of Jean

* Origin of Cultivated Plants. By Alphonse de Candolle. 3s. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Schumann. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. 1s. (Great Musicians Series.) New York: Scribner & Welford. 2. From the Tone-World. A series of Essays by Louis Ehler. Translated from the German by Helen D. Tretbar. New York: Charles D. Tretbar.

Paul, Tieck and Schlegel. Schumann stands to-day as the most marked individual composer since Beethoven, Wagner again excepted. His influence was never more potent than now, notwithstanding the attacks made upon it in the interest of Wagnerism by a disciple of the Bayreuth master who has since certified to his own moral cowardice by committing suicide. Mr. Maitland's book, infused with the leaven of Herr Ehler's brilliant essay will, we hope, serve to further a knowledge of Schumann's music and his aims. Though Mrs. Tretbar's translation of the collected essays dissipates much of the charm peculiar to Herr Ehler's style, it is generally correct and comprehensible. Yet there are many traces of the amateur in its matter as well as its typography.

"Military Manners and Customs." *

IT gives one almost a sensation of nausea, certainly a feeling of hopelessness, to run over the 280 pages wherein Mr. J. A. Farrer, author of an esteemed volume on 'Primitive Manners and Customs,' records his observations on the practices prevalent at the present day in war. This hideous science he dubs Bellology, a term with which we could readily dispense but which to a certain extent happily enough hits off the ugliness of the thing itself. He treats of such subjects as the rules about spies and surprises, the introduction of new weapons (with contemporary criticism thereon), the meaning of parts of military dress, the origin of peculiar customs like the old one of kissing the earth before a charge, the prevalent rules of honor respecting reprisals and the fairness of stratagems, and the treatment of prisoners and surrendered garrisons. His tale is a hopeless one as regards the progress of humanity in the invention of more humane methods of warfare, for new and more infernal machines for destroying life are invented every year and the art of war has become the science of slaughter. Such humane laws of war as exist he traces to the Brussels Conference of 1874, which made the first genuine attempt to mitigate the evils of war by an international agreement and definition of their limits. The idea of such a plan was originally suggested by the Instructions published in 1863 by President Lincoln for the government of the armies of the United States in the Civil War. This was followed in 1868 by the famous Declaration of St. Petersburg, which was signed by all the great powers except the United States, and by which they agreed to forego in their future wars by land or sea the use of projectiles weighing less than 400 grammes (to save their use for artillery), either explosive or filled with inflammable substances. Mr. Farrer commends most highly the proposition of our Government to exempt the merchant marine from attacks by privateers, and hails it as the ideal to which humanity is slowly but surely tending.

In his chapter on warfare in chivalrous times he exposes the naked brutality of the Middle Ages and the unredeemed hideousness and barbarity of the methods then employed. The story of naval warfare is no less graphically told. Christianity has had little or no influence (he thinks) in softening the horrors of war, and there is little difference between Christian and barbarian belligerents. The cruelties of military discipline, the atrocious punishments common even down to our day in the British Army, the floggings, mutilation of the trigger-finger, and artificial ophthalmia practiced either upon or by the victims of kidnapping or conscription, come in for a chapter which reads more like the tag-end of a Newgate Chronicle than a sober rehearsal of fact. One cannot but admire and sympathize with the glowing indignation which Mr. Farrer expresses all through his book at the insensate cruelty of past and present modes of warfare, while there is a lively hope that his presentation of the facts may lead to their improvement or abolition.

Minor Notices

IT seems as if very little that is new could be said of 'the white North'; but H. M. Robinson has filled the three hundred and fifty pages of 'The Great Fur Land' (Putnam's Travellers' Series), not only with interesting statistics about Hudson's Bay and the Hudson's Bay Company, but with what may be called, for lack of a better title, local color; though its success lies in the admirable reproduction of no color—the cold, white monotony of the scenery and the life. Some of the descriptions are exceedingly fine and vivid. The reader feels completely the spirit of the scene, whether it is a silent night on the desolate prairie, or the excitement of a blizzard, or the strange, silent journey by sledge, when 'the cold is so intense that the whip-handle burns the hand, the tea freezes while it is being drunk, an instant's exposure of the face leaves the cheek, or the classical nose on which one prides one's self, white and rigid as a piece of marble; while the traveler, with head bowed to meet the crushing blast, goes wearily on, as silent as the river and forests through which he rides, and from whose rigid bosom no sound ever comes, no ripple ever breaks, no bird, no beast, no human face appears.' The book is a very entertaining one, for the author succeeds in making the reader understand some of the incomprehensible fascination of these dreary scenes for those who have frequented them.

'EDWIN ARNOLD as Poetizer and as Paganizer' is a little book, issued in Funk & Wagnalls's Standard Library, in which Dr. W. C. Wilkinson tries to show that Mr. Arnold is no poet, and that his representation of Buddhism is false to the reality. As to the second point, it may be said that at all events Mr. Arnold endeavors to treat Buddhism poetically, and may therefore be permitted to idealize; and, further, that when Dr. Wilkinson proposes to account for the resemblances between Buddhistic legends and New Testament narratives by considering the former 'a Satanic travesty' of the latter, he does not thereby convince a calm mind that he is competent to pass discriminating judgment upon the merits of Buddhism. As to the former point, while he certainly notices some defects in Mr. Arnold's poetry, he does not justify his lofty and mocking condemnation of it. It is well to be just. Buddhism is a sadly inadequate religion, and Mr. Arnold is not the greatest poet of the ages; but there are high and worthy elements in Buddha's teachings which only Christianity can match, and the 'Light of Asia' has been welcomed, not only for the fascination of its subject, but also for the poetic grace with which that subject has been clothed.

'FIFTY SALADS,' by Thomas J. Murrey, formerly caterer of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and of the Astor House (White, Stokes & Allen), is the appetizing title of a little book particularly welcome now that with the advent of spring one sighs for 'green things' with unusual zest. The author goes so far as to say that a dinner perfect in every other respect will be voted a failure if the salad be poor; we will go with him so far as to acknowledge that a good salad will almost avail to redeem a dinner poor in every other respect; for the salads of a good cook, like the paints of a good artist, are mixed 'with brains, sir.' Mr. Murrey's excellent recipes may supply the brains.—UNDER the title of 'Waymarks' (Brentano Brothers), Miss Josephine Tyler republishes in pamphlet form her letters from Europe originally published in a Baltimore paper over the signature of 'Sola.' They are quietly and pleasantly written, and present a somewhat new phase of the European question, as the record of travellers who did not depend upon guides and guide-books.

'A SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA' is a title so redolent of coolness and 'good times' as to charm one in advance with the little book of travel, illustrated, by Mrs. Mary Amelia Stone. (New York: Randolph.) It proves to be even more

* Military Manners and Customs. By J. A. Farrer. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

than we expect from the title ; it is, indeed, one of those rare efforts at description which are equally good as a guide-book for those about to take the same trip, a remembrance for those who have taken it and will be glad of a better record than they could make themselves, and a delightful bit of reading for those who cannot go at all. Beautifully brief and concise, so small indeed as to be easily carried by the traveler in his satchel, it is by no means a dry record of facts and statistics. Neither is it on the other hand one of those roseate records which are either a glamour of literary rainbows or an aggressively humorous sketch supposed to be 'bright.' It is a graceful, dignified and interesting statement of just the facts one would like to know, given in just the style that one likes to read.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS possesses, both as descriptive writer and critic, that quality which is one of the first to be desired from a fairy god-mother—after, of course, the strict virtues—enthusiasm. The Putnams republish in their Travellers' Series the admirable 'Studies of Paris' which are full of the genial enjoyment and keen reproduction of it which betrays the true enthusiast, the whole book being very delightful reading. Perhaps the most charming thing in it is the visit to Victor Hugo. There is as much humble reverence for the great man as in any of the sentimental feminine gushes over Liszt, to which we are occasionally treated ; but with the reverence is mingled a gentle humor which makes the whole indescribably enjoyable to the reader.

The Magazines.

THE opening article in *Harper's* is a prairie sketch, 'Ladies' Day at the Ranch,' by Alice Wellington Rollins. It is a description of Monte Carneiro, one of the largest sheep-ranches of central Kansas, and ought to tempt some of our inveterate Europe-goers to turn their faces westward this summer. They cannot, alas ! turn them ranch-ward, for there are unfortunately no ranch-hotels, and delights such as are explained in the article are possible only to the genuine ranchman ; but there is still a wide field of interest open to the tourist. 'Ladies' Day' is beautifully illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Swain Gifford, Mrs. Gifford's flower-pieces giving everything but the impossible color and fragrance of the wonderful prairie blossoms.—Mr. Millet, whose versatility is wonderful because he does equally well all of the many things he attempts, appears twice. He is charmingly descriptive, both as author and artist, in his 'Wild-Goose Chase ;' and he is admirably thoughtful and suggestive in his paper on 'The Watts Exhibition.' The latter, in its theories of art, bears upon literature as well as painting. Mr. Millet is right in claiming that the public are suffering from hyper-realism, from the efforts of those who claim that anything is worth painting which is painted well ; and Mr. Watts is to be commended for introducing imagination as a prominent factor of his art, however he may have mixed imagination with what is not always interesting, or have fallen short in execution of what he aimed to achieve.—Prof. A. S. Hill contributes an excellent paper on 'English in the Schools,' pleading judiciously for the abolition of grammar, and stating that some change is certainly demanded by the fact that every year Harvard graduates numbers of men, some of them high scholars, whose manuscript would disgrace a boy of twelve. We are reminded of a gentleman in Brazil who introduced his nephew to a Brazilian with some pride as 'a graduate of Harvard University.' The Brazilian addressed the young man first in French, then in German, ineffectually ; and then asked politely, 'What languages do they teach, then, in Harvard University ?' On learning that English was the sole resource of the 'graduate,' the Brazilian, himself educated at European universities, addressed the young man in very good English.—Mr. Warner hides his humor every month in a 'Drawer,' but with the same result as when he tried to hide his straw-

berry-bed from the robins in an obscure corner of his garden. We all know where to go for it, and this month the big red berry that we carry off with a delightful smile is his reminder that 'it is a thought of great encouragement and some solemnity that there is probably not a mind in this country that is not being cultivated.' Will not our beloved Hartford 'Autocrat' some time gather his berries into boxes, and put them on the market in book-form ? It is certain that if his berries did not 'grow bigger downwards through the box,' they would at least be just as big at the bottom as at the top.

The English Illustrated is at present the magazine *par excellence* for fiction ; that is, for good fiction which is not hyper-realistic. And when you think of it, why should not fiction be fictitious ? Certainly such stories as 'A Family Affair' and 'A Ship of '49,' giving incidents and people and plots that we don't meet every day in real life, are eminently refreshing as literary recreation. One cannot say too much in praise of Bret Harte's 'Ship of '49.' It is Dickens, but Dickens with a soul. The neat and unexpected turn to the point of the story as a plot is no better as a surprise than the general level of admirable character-drawing, penetrated to the core with sweet humanity.—There was a time when poets were satisfied with being unintelligible ; but they are aiming now to be illegible also. Walter Crane's verses about 'The Sirens Three' would no doubt be excellent if we could read them ; but we have not the key to the artistic hieroglyphics in which they are printed.

Everyone going out of town should take *Outing*, to see what can be done in the way of sport ; and everybody who is going to stay at home should take it, because merely to read its table of contents makes the mouth water with its suggestiveness of fresh air and good times. We commend the following ingredient in a camp omelette : 'When you find a few berries, do not eat them, but bring to camp for a dessert.'

The Century opens with a noble portrait of Sir John Herschel.—General Imboden gives in his paper on Stonewall Jackson anecdotes of a man in whom the North feels almost as much interest as the South ; while Gen. D. H. Hill and Gen. Fitz-John Porter give accounts of the fearful battle at Gaines's Mill, accompanied by fine battle-maps, portraits and pictures ; and Col. Bissell describes the sawing out of a channel above Island Number Ten.—Theodore Roosevelt's article on 'Still-hunting the Grizzly' has all the vividness of a record of personal experience ; while Mr. Smalley's article, with Kemble's illustrations, on the New Orleans Exposition is full of information tempered by fun.—Mrs. Herrick gives a very interesting description of that most wonderful and aristocratic of flowers, the orchid, with exquisite illustrations ; and Mr. Howells gives a sensible overturning to what has been heretofore the popular self-sacrifice in novels of a young girl who martyrs herself from sympathy with another young girl, who is to be martyred any way and cannot possibly be helped by a double martyrdom.

In *The Atlantic* Dr. Holmes gives us a new test for literary character : 'Always *twirl* one of those revolving book-cases when you visit a scholar's library ; that is the way to find out what books he doesn't want you to see.' Ah ! Doctor, Doctor—suppose we should betray that we twirled *yours* the last time we stood in that pleasant Beacon Street library, and found a novel of Miss Braddon's on the side next the wall ? You will only smile at finding yourself thus, like your own 'Literary Celebrity,' 'exposed to the wind and sunshine in full dimensions in the columns' of a weekly journal ; for it is only sunshine that is waiting to fall on you ; and then, you know, you helped us do the twirling, and confessed to liking Miss Braddon !—J. Laurence Laughlin writes well of 'Our Political Delusions,' the delusion being the popular impression that electing a President decides our legislative acts for four years ; whereas a temperance candidate, if elected President, could do little more for the cause of temperance than enact that there should be no wine in

the White House—a question in which a member of the present Chief Magistrate's household is understood to take a lively interest.—Francis Parkman, in 'The Forests and the Census,' pleads for forests, though not with the time-honored plea that they cause a rain-fall. The rain produces the forest, not the forest the rain; but they are invaluable in regulating the distribution of moisture after it has fallen.

Lippincott's is generous with good short stories; and contains, besides, 'Letters from the Isthmus' by John Heard, Jr., especially interesting just at this time, and a sketch by John R. Tait of 'A Great Little Man,' the diminutive but distinguished painter of still life, Johann Preyer.—A good article on 'What Shall a Woman do When her Husband Fails in Business?' is sympathetic and suggestive; but it suggests as the wisest course that one should educate one's grandmother; that is, cause one's grandmother to have one educated to do something besides 'take boarders' or serve as an economic force in saving what there is. We can at least educate our grand-daughters, if not our grandmothers.—A. W. R. in 'Monthly Gossip' pleads for conventionality, recognizing that 'aside from right and wrong, there is a certain fitness in things which is to be considered in addition to weighing the morality of any course of action.' She uses as a text the assertion of a gentleman who thought that 'if there were anything superior to virtue, it was discretion,' and she takes as an illustration of people who think it is right to do anything that is not wrong to do, the remark of a little boy who supposed that 'if i-n spelled in, n-i must spell out.'

The Overland Monthly abounds in local stories, and has some excellent reviews of important books which are much more than mere reviews. It contains, moreover, a very solid article by G. H. Howison on 'The Essential Principle of Poetic Art,' from which we quote a definition of art with which we are wholly in sympathy—viz., that art is 'real-ideality'; that is, 'not the cancelling of the actual and the imperfect, and the putting in its place of a vague and fanciful perfection'; but 'the transfiguring of the actual by the ideal that is actually immanent in it.'

In *The North American* Professors Sumner, Walker and Laughlin discuss whether silver shall be demonetized, while E. M. King and others argue about 'How Shall Women Dress?' The latest 'fad' is that it is *not* healthful to suspend the weight of skirts from the shoulders, and the young ladies will read with glee that statistics show more consumption and pneumonia in men with chest-protectors than in belles with tarleton and low neck. Results are not always immediate, however. God 'settles his accounts,' but not always on Saturday night. In spite of statistics, the phrase comes to mind about 'man that is born of woman.' Of the woman in one generation who wears thin slippers and low neck gowns, is born for the next a man who has to wear a chest-protector, and even then dies of pneumonia.—Gail Hamilton writes well of 'Prohibition in Politics'; and there is an important discussion of the Catholic School Policy by M. C. O'Byrne and Bishop Keane. To one who has seen a teacher in our public schools carry a class of mixed Catholics and Protestants through that period of English history known as 'the Reformation,' no discussion of the problem is necessary. Why the Catholics want separate schools becomes a self-evident fact.

The Lounger

MR. WM. M. LAFFAN, who has been attached to the art department of the Harpers' establishment for three years or so, has resigned his position there to accept that of publisher of *The Sun*, made vacant by the death of Mr. Ireland. Mr. Laffan has been connected with the editorial staff of the paper for several years past, and besides contributing to the editorial page wrote the admirable dramatic and art criticisms that have appeared in its columns. When I first heard of Mr. Laffan he was editor and proprietor of the Baltimore *Every Saturday*, then one of the brightest papers published outside of New York. It was, as

I remember, among the first papers of its class, if [it was] not itself the very first, to publish outline portraits. These were drawn by Mr. Laffan himself, who has been a member of the Tile Club since its foundation, and has occasionally had pictures in the Black and White exhibitions. With all these artistic and literary qualifications, he is an exceptionally clear-headed man of business. I hope, however, that he is not going to hide his better talents in the counting-room. Mr. Laffan is a near relation—a cousin, if I am not mistaken—of Miss May Laffan, whose charming Irish stories are so popular in this country.

MR. ROGER RIORDAN, who succeeds Mr. Laffan in the art department of the Harpers', is a young man of decided artistic and poetic gifts. He, too, has been connected with *The Sun*. Decorative art is his specialty, and he was for a while connected with Mr. La Farge in the making of stained-glass. His work has been principally in black and white, which makes him a particularly good judge of drawing for illustrations. He has been a frequent contributor to the columns of *THE CRITIC* and *The Century*, and published recently in *Harper's Monthly* an interesting paper on Mr. Charles A. Dana's collection of Chinese porcelains.

'PHILADELPHIA' sends me the following note of explanation:—The discrepancy to which you call attention between the statistics of the population of Philadelphia prior to 1830 as given by Mr. Charles Henry Hart in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and those which you find in Scribner's 'Statistical Atlas' doubtless arises from the fact that prior to the 'Consolidation Act' of 1854, the legal 'city' of Philadelphia comprised only the narrow bounds originally laid out by William Penn. The growth of population naturally disregarded the lines prescribed by the founder, and long before the 'city proper' was built up, had extended beyond it in almost every direction. The compiler of the 'Atlas' would probably resent the imputation that he could have made a similar blunder in giving the population of the 'city' as that of London, or of the 'cité' as that of Paris; but apparently he is not expected to be equally familiar with a town lying within a hundred miles of his place of publication. Perhaps, however, your suggestion that he may have been 'too regardless of New York's *amour propre*' is justified, if *THE CRITIC* has made no mistake in quoting from him, in its review of the 'Atlas,' the absurd figure of \$180,000,000,000 as the annual value of the manufactures of New York State.

THE 'absurdity' of the above figures is due to the omission of the decimal point. Insert it, and you have \$1,800,000,000.00—which is the amount given in the Atlas.

ONE'S confidence in the genuineness of the Shakespearean autograph that is said to have turned up in Chicago, depends mainly upon which side of the line of possession he looks at it from. If I owned it, cartropes couldn't drag me from the conviction that it was written by William's hand; but as I don't own it, I am inclined to think that its genuineness is extremely doubtful. The facsimile of it printed in *The Current* looks to me like an unskillful tracing of a facsimile of Shakespeare's autograph published by Malone in the Variorum of 1821. Mere resemblance, no matter how close, cannot create authenticity. There must be strong collateral proof to support it.

IN a friend's library is a quarto 'Hamlet' printed in 1611—five years before Shakespeare's death,—which bears the autograph 'William Shakespeare' on the title-page in good court-hand, much more closely resembling the poet's other autographs than this in Chicago. The present owner paid a good round sum for the book, several years ago, at the sale of Sir William Tite's library, but a sum by no means as round (or rather of as large a circumference) as he would have paid, had not the book at one time, as it was believed, been in the possession of the forger Ireland; for the trail of that serpent is over all that he owned. The world is full of Shakespearean forgeries. Within the past month the catalogue of a Berlin bookseller—Albert Cohn—has reached this country, with an offer of a 'genuine autograph' of Shakespeare, from the collection of the 'Rev. Mr. Cotton,' which may be had for the small sum of 350 marks (about \$90). Still, there is no inherent impossibility in the genuineness of this Chicago signature; the manuscript of 'Hamlet' may turn up some time. And so, if I were Mr. Gunther, I should proclaim, early and late, in season and out of season, the absolute authenticity of this writing, and adopt as my motto, and as a 'touch of hearts,' 'Love me, love my autograph!'

A Meteor at Dusk.

BEHOLD! one turns, with wind-blown, golden head,
A backward glance to where the feasters stand,
Where songs arise, where bloom of wine is shed;
And so the lamp from out her slackened hand
Falls; and the darkness falls; and day is dead.

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

Hugo's Burial.

[From Tuesday's cable despatches.]

THE ceremonies attending the interment of Victor Hugo's remains in the Panthéon, on Monday last, are said to have been unparalleled in the history of French literature. The city was fairly packed, thousands of visitors having been obliged to camp out in the open air over night owing to the crowded condition of the hotels. Large bodies of cavalry occupied the streets leading to the Palace of the Elysée, the residence of President Grévy. Minute guns were fired from the Hotel des Invalides and from Fort Valerien. Punctually at noon the procession started under a clear sky, the threatening clouds of the early morning having been driven away by the sun. Many chariots, heaped up with the offerings of the people of France, followed the hearse. The procession moved without trouble according to the prescribed programme. The police arrested several bearers of red flags, which were unfurled at the starting points or headquarters of the several revolutionary societies. But there was no general demonstration by the Communists. The ceremonies were completed and the march of the procession ended without anything happening that might be called disorderly. Accidents incident to the presence of such an immense concourse of people were numerous, and in many instances were of a serious nature.

The procession as it left the Arc de Triomphe moved in the following order: First, a squadron of the Republican Guards, then the General commanding, with his staff. After these came a regiment of Cuirassiers, headed by its band and the drum corps of three regiments. These formed the escort proper for the funeral procession, while along the line on both sides was constantly heard the roll of muffled drums. Cars laden with wreaths and flowers followed, accompanied by the boys of the public schools. The band of the Republican Guards headed the deputation from Besançon, the representatives of foreign newspapers, members of the Dramatic Society, and delegations from the National and other theatres. Following the hearse were the relatives and immediate friends of the family of Victor Hugo, the representative of President Grévy, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, foreign Ambassadors, the Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, the Military Governor of Paris, Senators and Deputies, deputations, the Prefects of the Seine, the police, and military and naval authorities, a contingent of the Army of Paris, and a squadron of the Republican Guards. The procession followed the route from the Champs Elysée through the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel, the Rue Saufflot to the Place de Panthéon. At the time that the head of the procession had reached the Panthéon the end had not yet left the Arc de Triomphe. All in the procession seemed to appreciate that France was doing honor to her most illustrious poet. All were quiet, and all assumed a becoming demeanor.

Six orations were delivered under the Arc de Triomphe in the presence of nearly all the illustrious men of, and in, France. The singing of revolutionary and patriotic songs by bands of men gathered beyond the reach of the voices of the orators interrupted somewhat the unity of the eulogies, but beyond this there was nothing to mar the beauty or detract from the impressiveness of the spectacle. M. Floquet said that the ceremony of the day was not a funeral, but an apotheosis; and he hailed Victor Hugo as the immortal apostle who bequeathed to humanity that gospel which could lead the people to the definitive conquest of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' His speech touched the hearts of his hearers and was tremendously applauded. M. Le Royer, President of the Senate, said that Victor Hugo constantly pursued the higher ideal of justice and humanity, and thus exercised an immense influence over the moral feeling of France. M. Goblet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, declared that Victor Hugo will remain the highest personification of the Nineteenth Century, the history of which—in its contradictions, doubts, ideas, and aspirations—was best reflected in his works. His character was profoundly human, and represented the spirit of toleration and of peace. M. Augier, the witty dramatist, elaborated the sentiment, 'To the sovereign poet France renders sovereign honors.'

"Hugh Conway."

[Frederick Wedmore, in *The Academy* of May 23.]

ONE day last week there died at Monte Carlo—whither he had resorted in pursuit of an intention to see the world of men and women as extensively as might be—the very able writer and much esteemed man who, under the pseudonym of 'Hugh Conway,' had during the last fifteen months enjoyed such a phenomenal success. Mr. Fergus was but about thirty-eight years old, and he had followed literature as a profession only since the extraordinary reception bestowed upon the tale in which he dealt so skilfully with the supernatural. For many years Mr. Fergus practised as an auctioneer in Bristol, where the firm, which consisted of members of his family, had long been known as the Christie & Mansons of the district. Only Mr. Fergus's intimates were aware, until comparatively lately, that his taste—and a great talent to confirm his taste and to justify it—lay in the direction of what used to be called 'polite letters.' His verses had poetical merit, and the still greater merit—in the eyes of the musician—that it was possible to sing them; but it is very doubtful indeed whether poetry was his real vocation. He was a man—if the distinction may be apprehended—perhaps not so much of imagination as of indefatigable invention. For the exercise of that gift, prose romance, and even sensational prose romance, was the proper field. He found such a field in 'Called Back.' But 'Called Back'—crowded, as it was, with the signs of the ability of a Wilkie Collins—showed no symptom of the presence of a gift of style or of a gift of humor. Yet in his more private moments Mr. Fergus put into the neatest words the quaintest and quickest observation, so that no one who knew him with any degree of intelligence could doubt but that faculties of which his great sensational success had shown no trace would sooner or later betray, in his work, their abundant presence. To these persons, of course, the dry and tranquil humor of 'A Family Affair,' and its greater crispness of writing, came as no surprise. Their appearance had been looked for, and—unless he had elected to suppress himself, his better self, most carefully, for the benefit of that public which could only understand 'Called Back'—it is not too much to say that their appearance was inevitable. What yet further faculties Time might have developed it is idle now to conjecture. I should suppose, many. But the busy head, which, in these last years especially—since fame was well within sight—labored so diligently, 'without haste, without rest,' has spun its last web of intricate and ingenious fiction; and a man who, in his own measure, was certainly a genius, has left us with suddenness, with too many hopes unrealized, and too many plans never to be fulfilled.

[From *The Athenaeum*.]

WE are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Fred. J. Fergus (Hugh Conway), the author of the widely popular 'Called Back.' Mr. Fergus's first tale appeared, we believe, in *Arrowsmith's Annual* for 1881, and was entitled 'The Daughter of the Stars.' This has been bound together with several later stories which were first published in *Blackwood's* and in *Chambers's Journal*. A longer tale, which if republished would make an ordinary two or three volume novel, was contributed to successive weekly numbers of *The Yorkshire Post* under the title of 'The Redhills Mystery.' Two stories—'My First Client' and 'The Bichwa'—were specially written for *The Bristol Times and Mirror*, and therein published as Christmas tales. Of 'Dark Days' and the parodies it has evoked we need not here speak. It is satisfactory to know that 'A Family Affair,' now appearing in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, which will probably decide the author's true place in literature, is not in the unfinished state in which several subsequent undertakings have been left by his premature death. The MSS. of two serial stories for which he had received commissions are also said to be complete. Mr. Fergus succumbed to typhoid fever at Monte Carlo on Friday, the 15th, and was interred at Nice on Monday last. He was in his thirty-eighth year, and leaves a widow and four children.

The Late Mrs. Ewing.

[From *The Academy*.]

JULIANA HORATIA EWING, who died last week, has left a reputation which will be associated, like that of Mr. Fergus, with the Christmas season of 1884, for it was then she published 'Jackanapes,' by far the most successful of a long series of children's books. From her mother, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, she inherited the difficult art of writing stories which please the fastidious taste of the young, and at the same time satisfy the

severer judgment of their elders. Her earliest literary ventures appeared, as was natural, in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* some ten or twelve years ago, and at once attracted attention when reprinted in volume form. Three of the most popular of them—'A Flat Iron for a Farthing,' 'Jan of the Windmill,' and 'Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances'—were reissued only last month in a cheap edition by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. But it was in 'Jackanapes,' published by the S. P. C. K., that Mrs. Ewing reached her highwater mark. Power of description, sympathy with children, keen sense of humor, are here joined with a pathos that is almost overwrought. 'Jackanapes' was followed last winter by 'Daddy Darwin's Dovecot,' which is not less true as a picture of life, while less painful to read. The last thing of hers that we have read is a story in the May number of *The Child's Pictorial*, a colored magazine issued by the S. P. C. K.; but we observe that the same publishers announce a new volume from her pen, to be illustrated by Gordon Browne. Mrs. Ewing has ever been fortunate in her illustrators. Some of Mrs. Allingham's most charming pictures of children may be found in the early volumes above referred to. 'Jackanapes' and 'Daddy Darwin's Dovecot' owe part of their success to the pencil of Randolph Caldecott. And we must not forget to mention a set of 'Verse Books for Children,' for which Mrs. Ewing wrote the rhymes and R. André furnished the drawings, both of which are exceedingly clever. In her own peculiar *genre* Mrs. Ewing has left no rivals but Mrs. Molesworth and Miss Alcott, the American.

Industrial Training of Destitute Children.

[Samuel Smith, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

I HAVE tried on various occasions to bring before the country the pressing need of Social Reform. I have urged that the great danger to our country lay in the growth of a poor, miserable and degraded proletariat, living in close proximity to the wealthiest aristocracy the world has ever seen. I have tried to sketch the horrible condition in which vast numbers of our countrymen lived, especially in London and the great seaport towns, and have attempted to show that the real hope of the future lay in rescuing the young from the wretched career to which their parents too often consigned them. Since that time a flood of lurid light has been thrown upon the condition of 'outcast London.' The evidence taken on the dwellings of the poor, the disclosures of the supineness of the London Vestries, the half-starved condition of the children in many of our Board Schools—these and many other revelations have produced a painful impression of the rottenness of our social fabric.

It is no doubt quite possible to exaggerate the magnitude of the evil. I gladly admit that the bulk of the nation has made wonderful progress both morally and materially in the last forty years. Yet I fear it must also be granted that there remains a large deposit of human misery in our midst, wholly untouched by the progress of the nation—just as poor, as corrupt, and as hopeless of improvement as at any previous period of our history. I do not feel at all sure that this deposit has not been increasing of late years: at all events the difficulty of earning a living has been growing in the metropolis. I believe that a larger proportion of its population is now on the verge of starvation than was the case ten years ago. The trade of this country has for several years lost its former elasticity, and the rapid increase of population adds to the strain of life, and renders it more difficult for the poor unskilled laborer to hold up his head.

Admitting all that is proved in Mr. Giffen's valuable paper on the progress of the working classes during the past fifty years, I contend that this improvement does not touch the great floating element of casual unskilled labor which abounds in our large towns, and especially in the metropolis. Indeed the very improvement in other sections of society makes it more intolerable that immense numbers of families should live in single rooms, as foul as pigsties, without the decencies or comforts of life, barely eking out a wretched subsistence on two or three days' casual labor per week, nearly half of which goes for the rent of the filthy dens they inhabit. Yet this is the condition in which multitudes of the people in London live, and the same holds good of Liverpool, Glasgow, and most of our large towns. I am deeply convinced that the time is approaching when this seething mass of human misery will shake the social fabric, unless we grapple more earnestly with it than we have yet done, and my object in these remarks is to point out a new field in which the richest fruits may be reaped if we enter upon it with adequate courage.

In an article which I contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*

in 1883, I dealt with the care of the children by the State, and pointed out how inadequate were our safeguards against parental neglect, and how much more drastic was the legislation of America and other countries on this subject. I also advocated the emigration of pauper children to the Colonies, under proper guarantees, and showed how we might thereby drain away much of the hereditary pauperism of this country. I now wish to advocate a system of industrial training for the children of our destitute classes conducted in night schools up to the age of sixteen. I am aware that at first sight this will appear to some a startling proposition, but I believe that a decade will not elapse before it is as commonly admitted to be wise and politic as national elementary education is now.

In order to bring this vividly before the reader, let me depict the life of a London schoolboy in the low parts of the city. He is compelled to attend school from five to twelve or thirteen years of age for five hours a day. Careful inquiry proves that in these poor districts 25 per cent of the children come to school without breakfast, and have only a piece of dry bread, perhaps with some tea, for their dinner; their physical stamina is unequal to even a moderate intellectual effort, and probably half the school-time is passed in a sort of comatose state, in which they can learn absolutely nothing. They then go home to their miserable dens, where too often a drunken father or a profligate mother makes all happiness or morality impossible. They herd together in a single room, where all ages and both sexes sleep, eat and dwell together. Hard as the school life of such children is, it is much better than living entirely 'at home,' if such words can be used of their domestic surroundings, and it is no doubt true, as Sir Lyon Playfair has shown, that the mortality of children of school-going age has much decreased, owing to their being less constantly in the foul atmosphere of their foetid slums. I thankfully admit that compulsory elementary education is the greatest factor yet known or tried for civilizing the youth of 'outcast London.'

But it is a very imperfect agency; it comes far short of securing a fair prospect of a respectable after-life. Let me sketch still farther the process of youthful development. No children will stay in such filthy dwellings a minute longer than they possibly can; and so they spend their evenings on the streets, hearing and seeing all that is vile and debasing. Fancy what a picture of human life must be formed in the mind of a child who is familiar with the harlot and the drunkard from infancy upwards, and looks on these as the normal development of humanity. Yet so it is in many parts of our great cities. How little chance is there that short Bible lessons—excellent as these are—will counteract the 'object lessons' of human wickedness ever floating before their eyes. But the moment of supreme danger comes after leaving school. The little half-grown child of twelve or thirteen, stunted in all but its precocious knowledge of vice, is left free to wander at will by day and night on the streets. The parents of this class as a rule follow no regular trade; they pick up an uncertain livelihood from the innumerable precarious employments of a large city; they have no power to apprentice their children to an honest trade; many of them have no ambition; they have never known anything better than the uncertain livings of the streets, and they are contented that their children should be as themselves. A great proportion of them spend every farthing they can spare on drink, and have less concern for their offspring than the brute creation. Need one wonder that the children of this class—and it is a very large one—should reproduce the likeness of their parents? A few years spent on the streets in what is called 'hobjobbing,' virtually settles their future lot; it stamps upon them indelibly the features of the tramp, the pauper and the criminal; it feeds the horrible stream of fallen women which makes the streets of London hideous beyond those of any capital in Europe, and it prepares the way for a fresh crop of this baneful harvest in the next generation.*

For one of the gloomiest elements in the whole case is the extraordinary rapidity with which this degraded population multiplies; the birth-rate is far higher in these low slums than in the respectable neighborhoods. Little girls frequently become mothers, and I am told that it is not uncommon for women of twenty to have three or four children.† The responsibility of

* Year by year, from seventy to eighty thousand London children pass out of elementary schools; of these, possibly the half obtain *bona fide* occupation; as for the rest—the poorer part, inhabiting, too, the more densely populated quarters—there is nothing for them but the streets, and the almost certain life of a knave or a fool. It is probable that, every day, not less than seventy thousand boys and girls are actually 'hobjobbing about,' utterly helpless, until they hob-job into gaols, penitentiaries, reformatories.—Extract from 'The Gaol Cradle: Who Rocks It?' By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

† The birth-rate in the prosperous district of Hampstead for the ten years 1871-80 was 24 per 1,000 annually; whereas in the poor and miserable district of Whitechapel it was 36 per 1,000, or just 50 per cent. higher.

bringing human beings into existence seems not to cross the minds of these sunken creatures; that they cannot feed or clothe their children is no hindrance to matrimonial or other alliances; and were it not for the vast infantile mortality, the numbers of the destitute classes would double or treble every twenty-five years. It may be truly said that nothing but starvation prevents this portentous increase.

Now, the sad thing is that no charitable outlay, however vast, could cure this terrible evil. Were we to suppose, as some socialists seem to think, that the thrifty and industrious classes should be made responsible for keeping the thriftless in comfort, this class would multiply far faster than has ever been known before. Parents relieved of all responsibility would neglect their offspring more than ever, and the millions of pauperized wretches would multiply into tens of millions in the not distant future. No wealth could long stand such a drain: the nation would sink into a Serbonian bog, in which all virtue and manliness would perish. No relief is to be found in any remedy which does not aim at producing individual virtue and independence: the proletariat may strangle us unless we teach it the same virtues which have elevated the other classes of society.

This leads me to describe more fully the scheme of reform I propose. It is, in short, an extension to all the destitute children of the land of the excellent system of industrial training which already obtains in the best of our district schools, in the Reformatory and Industrial schools, and in very many private institutions, such as Barnardo's admirable homes in the east of London. It is to give to the thousands what is now given to the tens and twenties of our youthful population—to give it them, not as a reward for juvenile crime, nor as a badge of pauperism, but as a necessary part of education, quite as necessary as 'the three R's.' It is to make the training of the hands no less than the training of the head a part of national education; it is to conceive of 'education' as the fitting of a child for the duties of after-life, and, above all, for earning an honest livelihood.

Of course the *laissez-faire* school will say this is not the business of the State, just as they said fifty years ago that elementary education lay outside its province; but if I am not mistaken, this objection will soon be brushed aside when the nation comes to see that we must either undertake this duty or risk anarchy in the future. It is intolerable that millions of people should exist in our midst unable to live except on charity, because they have been taught in youth no means of livelihood. The little smattering of education got in our national schools by the children of this class is almost rubbed off them in the critical years that succeed school life; it only enables them to read the *Police News*, the *Newgate Calendar*, and such like rubbish, which is the chief literature that circulates in the slums. One sometimes wonders whether this so-called 'education' does not in the case of many only multiply their power for evil: the real education they most of all need is not given, viz., the habit of steady useful industry, the ability to turn their hands readily to any useful calling, and the power to fit themselves for a decent life, either at home or in the colonies. The critical period of child-life is from twelve to sixteen; it is then that the habits are formed which determine its future; at that vital stage the child-population of the slums are prowling about the streets getting initiated into the arts of vice and crime.

The best career that is open to the boys afterwards is casual labor at the docks or warehouses—a field that is always glutted with hungry applicants; the best to which they can look forward in after-life is three days' work per week, affording on an average about 15s. per week of income, of which 5s. goes for rent, with a squalid, dirty wife and family usually on the brink of starvation. The career of the artisan, with his 35s. or 40s. per week, is forbidden to the common laborer, for he can get no early training; the great colonial field is closed against him, for he has no money to emigrate with, and, despatched by charity to the shores of Canada or Australia, he is looked upon as a nuisance by the colonists; he cannot handle tools, he knows nothing of farm labor, he has no foresight, self-control, or independence: the life of the streets and slums of 'outcast London,' or 'squalid Liverpool,' has washed out of him every element that goes to make a successful colonist.

And so it happens that while the flower of our population emigrate and build up prosperous fortunes at the Antipodes or across the Atlantic, the residuum remains behind, corrupting and being corrupted, like the sewage of the metropolis which remained floating at the mouth of the Thames last summer because there was not scour sufficient to propel it into the sea. I can see no end to this vicious circle, unless the State provide

for 'labor education' as well as mental education in our public school system.*

These ideas are rapidly being carried into effect on the Continent, under the name of technical training; prodigious efforts are being made, especially by France, Germany, and Switzerland, to cultivate the taste and talent of artisans, and they are extending them to a lower grade of schools, and in some places are requiring children to attend so-called 'Continuation Schools' at night up to the age of sixteen. But none of these countries needs the precise thing that we require in Great Britain; they have not nearly so many neglected children, nor so large a residuum of drunken and depraved parents. With us the case is far more urgent: we have terrible arrears of neglect to overtake; we were the last of the civilized States to enforce national compulsory education, and we shall have to do double work for many years to get abreast of the more advanced nations.

What I should like to see—were it possible of attainment—would be the adoption of *manual training* as a part of all school education in this country. I should recommend that Eton as well as Seven Dials should have industrial education. No country in the world produces so many helpless people among the middle and upper classes as England does. An unwholesome contempt for hand labor runs through all 'good society,' as it is falsely called; and so it is that when families are left destitute, as frequently happens among our improvident gentlefolk, it is found that none of them can earn their bread; neither sons nor daughters can emigrate, for there is nothing they can do that is of any use in the busy and practical communities of the New World. I believe that in far more cases than is generally supposed 'decayed' families in the upper and middle classes are supported by charity.

I much doubt, if an accurate census were taken of the self-supporting part of the population, whether it would not be found that as large a proportion of the people who wear broadcloth are in reality paupers as of those who wear fustian. There could not be a greater social boon conferred on this country than by engrafting on the educational system universally the teaching of some manual trade.

I am aware, however, that so sweeping a change as this is not within the scope of practical politics, and so I confine my suggestion to the children of what may be roughly called the destitute or semi-pauper class. It will at once occur as a difficulty, that the State cannot undertake the invidious task of discriminating them. Destitution has many shades: the deserving poor sink by imperceptible gradations into the profligate poor; the skilled artisan often falls through intemperance into the lower stratum; many members of the educated professions sink through their own vices into the slums: where are we to draw the line? I admit that a reply must be given to this objection. I propose that the general rule be to require all children after leaving elementary schools (which is usually at twelve or thirteen) to attend night schools in the evening to receive manual training, unless their parents or guardians can satisfy the inspector that they are usefully employed. I would not propose that a child who is apprenticed to a trade, or even employed as an errand-boy in a shop, should be compelled to attend, and girls who were urgently needed for household work at home could also be excused, or only required to attend on one or two nights a week. The real object should be to make the meshes of the net fine enough to catch 'the street children,' those swarms of neglected juveniles whose parents can give no good account of them. It is impossible to estimate the number of this class, but I should not wonder if half a million, or one-tenth of the total number of school children, would be qualified for this wholesome discipline. And further, I have no doubt that as the immense advantages of this industrial training began to show themselves, many parents of a better class would be thankful to let their children share the benefit. It would only be needful to make provision in the first instance in considerable towns, say of over 10,000 population: the rural children do not

* A compulsory labor law, however undesirable in itself, is rendered absolutely necessary by varied and complicated causes, but by one chiefly—viz., the worthless character of many parents,—necessary as a protection to the State. What do the selfish, animalized parents know of parental responsibilities, or care for the use or abuse of youth, the solemn duties of citizens, the basis of society, the weal of the State? Yet all these things are involved in their action towards their children. Themselves living from hand to mouth, they feel that it is right to turn out their children, regardless of all future consequences, on the chance of their somehow picking up a copper or two, and it is amazing to see how many a family can, and do, live thus on nothing to do. Did not *their* parents act thus? Were not they themselves turned out, and have not they got along? To the possibility of his children growing up to be sleepy laborers, beer-house loungers, idle paupers, what sleepy laborer, beer-house loungee, idle pauper, ever gives a thought? And if it could arise on his stolid imagination, why should he be shocked at the vision? Everything depends on the medium through which the prospect is seen. His opinion—if opinion he has at all—is that everybody—husband, wife, and children—must 'fend' for themselves, and take their chance.—Extract from 'The Gaol Cradle: Who Rocks It?' By the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

need much training of this kind ; they learn farm work in most cases, which is the best of all training. There would also be much less need of it in manufacturing towns, where children enter the mills as half-timers : the scheme would mainly apply to London and the great seaport towns, and need not impose a heavy burden on the State. We have a magnificent supply of Board Schools ready prepared, where most of the training could be cheaply given in the evening.

I would suggest that the boys should be taught carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, printing, etc.; the girls sewing, cooking, washing, and domestic economy as far as possible. Some of these branches could easily be carried on in the existing schoolrooms without injuring the furniture; others might require a shed or some cheap structure to be added for the coarse work. It would not be needful to occupy every school; certain centres might be fixed upon within easy reach of the children. The teaching of the boys might be given by skilled artisans, whose wages for two or three hours per evening would not be very high. I do not believe that the whole cost of training half a million children in this way need exceed half a million sterling per annum—say £1 per head; whereas pauperism and crime cost the State fifteen millions a year, and mostly spring from the neglected children of this class.

I predict that within a generation, if we adopt these recommendations, we shall have reduced this heavy tax by one-half. A few years of such training would change the character of a boy's life. Physical labor, well directed and not overdone, is the truest recreation; there is nothing that boys are fonder of than learning handicrafts. When the taste is once formed, and the habit fixed, they may be left to take care of themselves. They will not often relapse into the indolent, hopeless life common to their class. A thousand avenues of useful employment will open up to them which are at present closed. They will find that they are welcome emigrants to every new country in the world.

Let those who doubt this pay a visit to Dr. Barnardo's homes, where 700 boys, rescued from the worst of the slums, are trained to a cheerful, industrious life. He will see there a series of workshops, full of busy young life, and a diffused element of health and happiness which is wonderful, considering the horrible condition from which the boys were taken. The half-time system prevails there, as in the best pauper and industrial schools. It is found that children can do just as much headwork in the forenoon as if the whole of the day were so occupied; and the time given to manual work makes them far more healthy and happy.

I have no manner of doubt that in the poorer schools of the country the half-time system would answer far better than the existing one. The children of this class have but small mental capacity: three hours in the morning exhaust their little stock of nervous power, and the afternoon lessons are wearisome drudgery. The alternation of brisk physical work would make them far brighter and happier. I have carefully followed the discussion on over-pressure, and am convinced that great suffering is caused to a large class of ill-fed and weak children by the ridiculous attempt to force them into the same Procrustean bed with children of double their capacity. All this would disappear with the alternation of mental and physical exercise, and the school days of multitudes of children would become the happiest period of their lives.

I am aware that this suggestion goes beyond the scope of my previous remarks. My main object is to advocate *night labor schools*, after the period of school age is passed; and I don't suppose that the Government would so far change our present system as to adopt the half-time or alternative principle in existing schools. Yet I cannot forbear stating my opinion that it would be much better for many of our poor children to have a couple of hours daily of simple manual instruction in our day schools. It would be capital preparation for the night labor schools which are to follow them.

The main point I wish to enforce is that the State should not let go its grasp of the child population without reasonable security against a relapse into pauperism, and indeed I may say in some cases into barbarism. I can imagine that on the part of many the objection will be raised that we shall create a great over-supply of skilled labor, that we shall flood the market with artisans and lower their wages. A similar objection was urged against the education of the masses fifteen years ago. It was said that the children of the poor would supplant the children of the gentle-folks in the educated professions. We did not listen to that ignoble argument; we did not close the portals of knowledge on the million, in order to keep a monopoly of the learned pursuits in the hands of a privileged class; and I am convinced

we shall act in the same broad liberal spirit when it becomes a question of raising the lowest tier of our population. We wish to open to them the portals of industry, as we have already opened the portals of knowledge, and no selfish fears of other classes must stand in the way of it. At one time there was a great outcry against industrial training in prisons and reformatories, because it was expected to interfere with the labor market outside; but that has now passed away, and so in time will the dread that Society will suffer because all the members of which it is composed are more capable of earning their bread.

It is more than probable that work may not be found at home for all this population that we propose to train; but as Greater Britain contains sixty times the area of Great Britain, and only one-third of its population, there is ample room for them there, and this leads me to another branch of my argument. The economical position of our country makes it imperative that we train our future citizens so that the surplus population may find homes in the thinly-peopled regions of the New World. Lord Brabazon's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on State-aided emigration brought out this view most forcibly. He quoted from various writers, myself included, to show the tremendous problems we have to face owing to the rapid increase of our population. Permit me to recapitulate, in a few words, what I have written elsewhere on this subject, for it is at the root of the whole question.

This country, like all the settled and prosperous States of the world (France excepted), is confronted by a rapidly growing population; it has increased from 5½ millions in the year 1700 to 10½ millions in the year 1800, and is now (1884) 31 millions in Great Britain alone, and will apparently be 36 or 37 millions by the end of this century, and over 120 millions by the end of next, if the same rate of increase is maintained. It is also to be noted that the rate of increase is steadily becoming more rapid, owing to the great saving of life caused by improved sanitary arrangements, superior medical science, and abundant provision for nursing the sick and poor. Up to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century the rate of increase was extremely slow in all European countries, ours included. War, pestilence, and famine carried off a great portion of the people, and it is computed that the population of England only increased three millions in the 600 years after the Norman Conquest, or just about the increase of the last ten years. It has further to be added, that emigration was very small until the present century, and that the huge increase of this century, which will be three- to four-fold in Great Britain, is in spite of an emigration of several millions of our people. I see no reason why this process should be stayed in the next century, unless some national catastrophe occur. The death-rate is always falling, the birth-rate keeps up. Agencies for saving life are always increasing, and we ought, as prudent people, to provide against contingencies which are patent to the most careless observer.

We have, further, to face the fact that all this increase goes into our cities—the rural population is steadily decreasing: possibly this may be checked by changes in our land laws, but no changes in them can hinder arable land being turned into pasture where it pays better, nor can hinder labor-saving machinery being introduced. I believe that any relief that can be got from a more minute cultivation of the soil of this little island will not do much to change the course of events I have described. Our cities will keep growing larger and larger, and, I may add, more and more unmanageable. London has grown within this century from 1 to 5 millions of inhabitants, if we include the suburban area, and at the same rate of increase will reach twenty to thirty-five millions at the close of the next century. Let us remember that the world has never seen a city of more than two or three millions of people except this gigantic metropolis of ours. Ancient Babylon and Rome never contained such multitudes as London already contains; and its growth is faster now than ever before in its history. In ten years another million will be added to 'Greater London'; and when or how is this process to stop?

Again, let me point out that the whole increase of our population for many years past has been fed with foreign food: we grow less than we did twenty or thirty years ago. One-half the population of Great Britain is now fed with foreign food; soon it will be three-fourths; possibly by the end of next century seven-eighths. This is not a cheerful prospect; the world is without any previous example of such a case: there have been great cities living by commerce, such as Tyre, Carthage, and Venice, but never a great nation except ourselves. It is hard to believe that we shall escape some fatal catastrophe unless we are wise in time and spread our population over the unoccupied parts of the globe. It may be said that as long as we can man-

ufacture for the world and import our food in exchange, we are as well off as if we grew it ourselves; but every man of business knows that it is becoming increasingly difficult to enlarge the outlets for our goods, as foreigners with one consent struggle to shut them out by high tariffs, while our colonies fast copy their example. I cannot believe that it is within the range of possibility that population can grow in this island as I have indicated without a desperate struggle for existence arising, in which our institutions and even civilization itself might perish.

We ought to do as a ship does when she sees a storm approaching—reef our sails: we should prepare by fitting our people to use the wonderful safety-valve we possess in our vast colonial empire. We are indebted to Lord Brabazon for bringing before the public the question of State-aided emigration; but I confess I see great difficulties in the way of its adoption. Granted that by an arrangement with the colonies we might secure farms at an outlay—including passage-money and temporary maintenance—of £100 per family, and that we shall have good security for repayment; it would require a million sterling to transplant 10,000 families of 50,000 souls. This would give no perceptible relief. We should need to operate on a far larger scale. These islands could comfortably part with ten times that number of people annually, and most of them would depend upon the Government if it once undertook this duty. We might be called upon to spend ten millions a year in this way, and as several years would elapse before repayment could be made, the State would soon incur an enormous pecuniary liability. But a greater difficulty remains. The demand for emigration would be made by the most useful and productive part of the population; at such time as this, when severe distress prevails, immense numbers of our best artisans would leave the country if tempted by such inviting proposals. We should encounter a scarcity of labor whenever trade revived, and the country would view with disfavor a depletion of its resources to be borne by those who remain behind. Besides, the Government would have to accept all able-bodied emigrants or reject all alike, for discrimination would be invidious and almost impossible. There would be a great risk, besides, of attracting immigrants from the Continent, in the hope of sharing these splendid facilities for settling abroad. The very class we wish to get rid of would remain behind, like the sediment at the bottom of a well. The wretched pauperized masses that swarm in our large towns are unfit for emigration. If the Government tried to shut them off on America or Canada, they would meet with the same reception they did last year when some Irish paupers were sent out. The unfortunate creatures would be returned on our hands, and we should only have raised a prejudice against all schemes of emigration. I do not wish to say that this plan may not have to be tried in some exceptional crisis—possibly we may be driven by dire necessity to adopt it; but I do say that it fails to relieve us of the crucial difficulty—how to rid ourselves of the useless and corrupting element in our cities.

Now, the plan I propose goes to the root of the matter; it undertakes to deodorize, so to speak, this foul humanity, it aims at turning into a productive and valuable commodity that which is now a wasteful and poisonous element in our social system. It does so at a very small cost, and by simply extending the educational lines we have already laid down. These boys and girls, well trained in industrial arts, would find their way without much difficulty into the Colonies or the United States; or if State aid had to be given, a very small amount would suffice; many of them would follow town occupations, and would not care to become farmers. In conclusion, I wish to say a word or two about girls. Undoubtedly the difficulty is greater with them than with boys; they cannot be taught the numerous trades that boys naturally take up. It is not easy in night schools to find appliances for household work which girls most need to learn; besides, they are required from a very early age to help their mothers at home.

But the fact remains, that while a mass of girlhood is going to ruin in London and our large towns from absence of training and want of honest occupation, there is extreme difficulty in finding a supply of properly trained servants. Multitudes of poor women are pinching themselves to live on 5s. a week at slop-work, while mistresses cannot get cooks and housemaids at £20 or £30 per annum, with their food! It is a strange anomaly, yet so it is. I can only account for it by the want of any system for transforming the slatternly girl of the slums into the neat and tidy domestic servant. There is no way of bringing supply and demand together save a few benevolent institutions, which do not meet a tithe of the demand. Could not these night training schools do something to bridge over the chasm? Why could not cookery and housework form an essential part of a school

girl's education? How much more important for the starving girlhood in the London slums to be fitted for domestic service than to know the heights of the Himalayas or the names of the Plantagenets! Surely there was some truth in the remark of the then Robert Lowe, when Rector of Edinburgh University, that British education was the worship of inutility! When shall we learn that the first necessity of a human being is to live, and only the second to have book-knowledge?

But another point remains to be noticed in respect of girls. There is a great preponderance of females in this country; marriage is impossible for many of them on this account; while in the colonies and the Western States of America there is an equal preponderance of men, and no colonists are so welcomed as respectable women accustomed to household work. Surely this is an additional reason for trying to qualify these poor girls for a useful life in the colonies, in place of the wretched existence to which they are too often doomed at home.

Finally, I would say that our whole conception of education must be more practical than it has hitherto been. It is all very well to aim at high attainments, but there is such a thing as *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. We may buy even gold too dear. There are large classes of our population to whom the prime necessity of life is to learn to work, and so to live. This is well expressed in a letter I have from one who thoroughly understands this question: 'At present the unused manipulative power of the poor people is much what the unused brain power was before the Education Act. Education was once voluntary, now labor is. Brains were once useless, now hands are.' What we want is to liberate that hand power which is going to waste, just as we have set free the brain power. There is a mine of potential wealth which lies beneath the surface. We must sink a shaft which will reach it; or, to change the metaphor, we must transmute this base metal into pure ore by the alchemy of wise and Christian statesmanship.

Current Criticism

THE FUTURE OF THE REVISION:—The whole future of the new version turns on the question whether it is really an adequate revision of the Authorized Version or not. The reason why a revision was deemed necessary was because it was recognized that many errors existed in the old version, and that it should be amended so that the translation should answer the needs of modern scholarship. The chief condition of the work was that while necessary revisions should be made, the language of the old version should be as far as possible retained. Herein consisted the Scylla and Charybdis of the revisers' voyage of investigation: adequate revision on the one hand, reverence for the style on the other. From the chorus of congratulation from the daily press—very fair judges on such a matter—it is clear that the revisers have not materially injured the rhythm or style of the earlier version. But the suspicion remains that in their efforts to conserve the style they have managed to preserve many of the errors, and have preferred putting their emendations in the margin, where for all practical purposes they are non-existent, as is certainly the case with the marginal references of the Authorized Version. It might be unfair to describe the new Bible, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, as a paragraph Bible with revised margins, but that is certainly the impression that it leaves, though only continual use will determine how far the text has been sufficiently revised.—*The Athenæum*.

MISS CLEVELAND'S FORTHCOMING BOOK:—The President's sister, as we see her in these essays, represents a type of the American woman very interesting to study. She has read a good deal, and her active intellect has attacked many of the unsolved problems in the philosophy of life. The most stupendous subjects of thought or speculation do not terrify her. She stands up in the presence of the wisdom of all ages with quite as much self-possession as a clever and courageous Yankee school-mistress might be expected to display if confronted by the whole French Academy. Intellectually she is something of an ascetic, something of a mystic, something of an *exaltée*. She has no patience with the modern pessimists. She discusses with equal readiness the teachings of Gautama, Carlyle, Mr. Hume, and Mahomet. The problems of ethics, the disputed points of aesthetics, and the conundrums of history she grapples with eagerness; and whether we find her sharply challenging the opinions of a leading infidel or subjecting to critical analysis the emotional side of Joan of Arc's character, we find her equally positive, aggressive, and interesting. We are not surprised to learn that Miss Cleveland has written a good deal of poetry. It is to be hoped that the success of this volume of prose essays on

historical, ethical, and theological subjects will be sufficiently pronounced to encourage her to submit to the public a volume of her best verses.—*The New York Sun*.

INOCULATION FOR CHOLERA:—Dr. Cameron sends some interesting figures to the *Standard* about the experiments in inoculation for cholera recently made at Valencia. But, after all, statistics in the mass, because they can be made to prove anything, generally prove nothing; what an individual wants to convince him is to see an experiment for himself. Just as some of the doctors offered to swallow Dr. Koch's bacilli, so the public wants to see some one offer himself for inoculation. And this is exactly what the correspondent of *The New York Herald* has been doing on his countrymen's behalf. That the proceeding really reflects some credit on the enterprise of the modern press may be seen from his description of the symptoms:—"After an hour I began to feel considerable pain about the spinal region, the injection causing muscular agitation, the pain extending to the palms of the hands. In two hours my temperature rose to fever heat. This was followed by clammy hands, lassitude, and pains in the legs. In four hours my arms became very painful, and then so stiff that I could scarcely lift them." Journalists have always been the public's eyes and ears, but the *Herald's* correspondent is one of the first to have the public's arms and spine.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

MME. ADELINA PATTI, who is spending the summer at her castle in Wales, is not idling there, as one might suppose she would after an arduous season, but is busily engaged upon a series of articles for *Harper's Magazine*. This series will be largely autobiographical, containing many reminiscences of the *diva's* interesting career. Mme. Patti is writing the articles with her own fair hand, disdaining the services of amanuensis or stenographer. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg also is engaged upon literary work, and has just finished an article for a popular youths' paper, in which she describes some of her professional experiences.

—Miss Cleveland's book will be published by Funk & Wagnalls before the end of the coming week. If the learned editor of *The Sun* is not mistaken, she is the first Lady of the White House who has ventured, 'while an occupant of that mansion, to invite the judgment of the public on her literary achievements.'

—Professor Remsen's work on organic chemistry, noticed in our issue of May 23, is published by Ginn, Heath & Co.

—'Victor Hugo: His Life and Work,' a volume which has been in preparation for some months by Mr. G. Barnett Smith, author of 'Shelley: a Critical Biography,' 'Poets and Novelists,' etc., has just been issued in England by Ward & Downey.

—O. B. Bunce, author of 'Timias Terrystone,' 'Bachelor Bluff,' etc., begins in this week's *Christian Union* a series of papers under the title of 'Easy Talks About Many Things.'

—In the July *Harper's*, Gen. B. F. Butler will tell the story of the famous yacht America, now in his possession. General Butler is a sailor as well as a soldier, and can reel off nautical stories by the yard. His account of the America is lively reading, and will appear very seasonably. Mr. Howells's 'Indian Summer' will be begun in this number, in which will also appear a humorous short story by R. J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*.

—Bret Harte's book of new stories, 'By Shore and Sedge,' will be ready immediately.

—The July *Atlantic* will contain a long poem by Whittier, and the first number of a series of papers on travel in the South, called 'On Horseback.'

—A popular edition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's earliest long story, 'That Lass o' Lowrie's,' is published by the Messrs. Scribner. It is said that about 25,000 copies of this extremely readable book were sold soon after its first appearance.

—It is reported that the Charity Organization Society of New York City is considering the necessity of closing its district offices owing to the impoverished condition of its treasury. The Society has already accomplished incalculable good by its systematic investigation of applications for relief, the result of which has been to expose frauds, suppress street-begging, and procure prompt and practical relief for the worthy poor. It would be a lasting reproach to the city, if this Society should be allowed to fail for want of the comparatively small amount of money that is needed to enable it to carry on its work.

—*The Philadelphia Press* will begin on Sunday the publication of a series of articles on President Lincoln and his times. They will be written by the statesmen, soldiers and lawyers who bore the most intimate personal and official relations with the late President. The first will be contributed by Charles A. Dana, ex-Assistant Secretary of War, and will be followed by others from Hon. E. B. Washburne, Leonard Sweet (formerly law-partner of Mr. Lincoln), Hugh McCulloch (a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet), Fred. Douglass, General James B. Fry, Ward Lamon, ex-Marshall of the District of Columbia; General Robert H. Schenck, and Judge Lawrence Weldon, United States Court of Claims.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley's book on the Congo will be published in English by Messrs. Harper towards the end of this month, and simultaneously in seven other languages.

—The next numbers in the Riverside Aldine Series will be Lowell's 'Biglow Papers.'

—The Grolier Club, while probably without the least ambition in that direction, has been, for a year or two, giving the best exhibitions of works of art to be seen in this neighborhood. Not very long ago it had a marvellous show of illuminated manuscripts. Now it comes forward with a display, no less instructive and hardly less fascinating, of drawings done for illustrations. It was a truly happy thought to make such an exhibition, and the idea has been carried out with surprising completeness. There are, in cases and on the walls of the club-rooms, specimens of all sorts of original work done for book illustration—drawings in distemper of the modern kind; delicate India-ink drawings on the block, of the sort now gone out of fashion; old-time tinted sketches by Stothard and Westall; the more vigorous sketches, in water-colors, of flames and serpents and angels and sunset skies, by William Blake; and clever pen-and-ink drawings by such masters as Vibert and Lalanne, Rico and Bouguereau, and by Americans like Reinhart and Brennan. An etching by Victor Hugo lies in one of the cases. But the drawings which are most admired are Mr. Abbey's exquisite illustrations to Goldsmith's plays. They show the artist at his best.

—Dr. Norman Smyth's 'Sermons for Workingmen' have been reprinted from *The Andover Review*, and appear in pamphlet form at a low price.

—At the monthly meeting of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, on Thursday evening of this week, the Rev. Dr. James M. Sherwood was to have read a paper on 'The Uses and Ethics of Literary Criticism.'

—Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, who have of late been discussing certain vital questions of a religious character in the columns of *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Popular Science Monthly*, are now discussing a question of practical ethics in the columns of the *London Times*. The present dispute is an outgrowth of the earlier one, and was provoked by the publication by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. of a fifty-cent pamphlet entitled 'The Nature and Reality of Religion: A Controversy.' In this are reprinted three of Mr. Spencer's essays ('Religion: A Retrospect and Prospect,' 'Progressive Religion' and 'Last Words About Agnosticism and the Religion of Humanity'), and three of Mr. Harrison's ('The Ghost of Religion,' 'Agnostic Metaphysics' and 'Mr. Herbert Spencer and Agnosticism'), with introduction, notes, and an appendix on 'The Religious Value of the Unknowable,' by Count d'Alviella. On the appearance of this pamphlet, Mr. Harrison wrote indignantly to the *Times*, to charge Mr. Spencer with committing 'an unworthy act of piracy.' The letter closed with the declaration that he would leave the 'whole conduct of Mr. Spencer to the judgment of men with a sense of honor.' On the first of June the same paper contained Mr. Spencer's reply, accompanied by a copy of his letter to Mr. Harrison, to which the latter referred in his communication of May 29, and which contained a proposal, in the nature of a settlement of their differences, to republish in England the American volume. Mr. Spencer declared that Professor Youmans had feared others would publish the articles referred to unless forestalled by the Messrs. Appleton. Replying in last Wednesday's *Times* to Mr. Harrison's suggestion that he has been a victim of the ill-judged advice of partisans, Mr. Spencer says: 'I would rather have it supposed that I intentionally ignored Mr. Harrison's copyright claim. I have cabled the Messrs. Appleton to stop the sale of the book, to destroy the stock on hand and the stereotype plates, and to debit me with their loss.'

MEN HAVE NO RIGHT to expose their families to the risk of being thrown helpless on the world, when they can prevent it at small cost by taking a policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn.